

Reeducation

by Forlay

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Summary: What could have possibly happened to the Alternate-Timeline Rachel at the Reeducation camp.

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> <meta name="Author"> Reeducation _**Warning**_: Could be a spoiler for MegaMorphs #3!!!_
> <center> <h1> Reeducation

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> No one else was home, Mom was out with Sara and Jordan and had taken our two slaves with her, so I got up from the couch, where I was watching our one TV station, and answered the door.

> "Yes?" I asked.

> "Are you Rachel?" A man asked me.

> "Maybe. Who's asking?"

> "You're coming with us," he signaled for two men behind him, they came up and each grabbed one of my arms.

> "Hey! What are you doing?!"

> "We're the Triple S, you're bening taken to a reeducation camp."

> "What for?!" I demanded. Nobody was taking me to any 'reeducation camp'.

> "You are aggressive, outspoken and female," he answered.

> I kicked at the men who held my arms and were now dragging me to a car, but they didn't flinch. I screamed and yelled for help. A few neighbors came to their doors to watch. A few looked at me in pity, others looked smug. They were probably the ones who called the Triple S on me. The ones who were pitying me

didn't dare come to my aid. They knew, as did I, that when the Triple S came to take someone to reeducation camp, there was no stopping them.

> I sat in the car in stony silence. The lead man tried to question me, and one of his goons was leering at me in a way I didn't like, but I wasn't going to give them the satisfaction of knowing they scared me to death. I'd heard stories of what happened to women who were sentenced to reeducation camps. My mother had told me many of them, hoping to convince me to calm down, but I didn't let them phase me.

> I was taken to a train station where I was loaded into a car with dozens of other girls who were 'imperfect'.

> Most of the girls were crying. They'd let the Triple S get to them. They were in for a short stay at the reeducation camp. Maybe a week, they'd already learned the lesson society was teaching them for being independent. The few of us who still had it together talked in one corner of the car.

> "How long have they been after you?" One girl asked me.

> I shrugged. "I've never even seen the Triple S in my neighborhood. I had no idea I'd be taken."

> She nodded. "That's how it is for most of the girls here. But," she grinned, "This will be my third 'vacation' to the camps. I've gone before, after a week or so, I pretend I'm submissive and passive, the perfect little angel, they let me out, and I go back to being myself."

> I grinned too. This was my kind of girl, a fighter. "I'm Rachel," I introduced myself.

> "Cait," the girl said. "What's your strategy going to be to survive the camp?"

> I shrugged again. "I can't just pretend to be submissive like you. I've been "strong willed" all my life. My mom's told me stories of the camps, my father's tried to slap me into obedience, it doesn't work. I guess wherever I'm taken will be my new home."

> "I doubt it," another girl said. "Those of us who last more than a month are going to be sold into slavery."

> "Excuse me? I ain't gonna be some slave! I'm physically fit, I have an exceptionally high IQ, there's no reason for me to be a slave!" I objected.

> "They're broadening the list of those who are going to be slaves," the girl replied. "Any woman who doesn't show submissiveness in the camps after a month is a slave. And not for some civilian, either. One of the military men. And I can just guess what kind of life that will be." She seemed to shudder, as did I. The military men didn't have the cleanest record of treating women with respect. I definitely wasn't going to be a maid if I became a slave.

> The train began to slow down, we were at the camp. A guard came and ordered us all off. Many of the girls burst into a new wave of tears, but me, Cait and the girl who had told me about us becoming slaves, held our heads high. We weren't going to be beaten. Not this time.

> As we were being herded into lines, one of the men, more like a boy, actually, grabbed both Cait and I. "Ah, Cait, how good it is to see you again. And I see you brought a

new friend, too."

> "Back off, Nate," Cait growled. "Leave her alone." I jerked my arm away from Nate.

> "Well, then, if I can't have her. Perhaps I'll just tell the boss that you're reserved for me when put into slavery. You aren't escaping us this time, my dear."

> She yanked her arm away from Nate.

"Watch it, Nate. I may be in a reeducation camp, but that means I can still whip you."

> Nate laughed and walked away.

> "Old friend of yours?" I asked as we walked.

> "Used to be my neighbor. And, would you believe, closest friend. Then he got this job working in the reeducation camps, and I'm positive he's the one who turned me in the first time around."

> "You ten! Come with me!" a large guard shouted, pointing at a group that included me and Cait. Obediently, we all followed.

> He led us to a small cabin type building. "This is your sleeping quarters. Get in." Quietly, we walked into the cabin. I was expecting it to be empty. Afterall, it was a pretty small cabin, and 10 girls would be about as many as could fit in comfortably. Boy, was I wrong.

> Inside, were at least 20 other girls, some sleeping, most sitting up against a wall, staring blankly ahead and taking up as little space as they possibly could. Cait must have seen the horror on my face.

> "Not pretty, is it? But don't worry, you'll get used to it." I forced a smile, but knew I'd never get used to something like this.

> Cait and I made our way to the back of the small cabin, where we found an empty area just large enough for both of us to sit. "What are they going to do to us here?" I asked her

> "Basically we're going to have classes that teach us the proper way to behave, and if we act out, we're punished," she answered. "If they see substantial improvements, you're sent home to resume your happy life, living as one of society's perfect women."

> "Anybody else just fed up with this society?" I asked. "I mean, I can understand having retarded and people with low IQs being slaves, but trying to sentence people like us? And the censorship level--"

> "Shh!" Cait said. "I feel the same way, but I'd rather risk it here in a reeducation camp, rather than a Triple S interrogation squad."

> Another man walked into the cabin, "New girls, come with me now." The group I'd come with, along with about five other girls who must have come in right before us got up to follow the man. Normally, I would have stayed where I was, but that wasn't the way to survive. I was getting out of here as soon as possible.

> We were led to a large facility where we were all split up individually. Each of us were led by another (male) guard into a small room. The only furnishings were a small table and a rickety chair. The only light came from a bare bulb suspended over the table.

> "What is your name?" My guy asked me once I'd sat down.
> "Rachel," I replied coolly, staring straight ahead.
> "You know why you are here?"

> "No, I don't. But I suppose you're going to tell me, aren't you?"
> He glared at me. I smiled inside, I'd gotten to him. This guy had a temper.
> "You, girl, have been accused of imperfection. You are bold, aggressive and independent. We have even been informed that you wish to have a job when you are older, that you have no intents on marrying. Is this true?"
> "Yes, it is. The way women are treated here sucks. I'm just as good as any guy my age. And I have every right--" The man's large hand came down and smacked me in the face. Hard. Nearly enough to make me fall off the chair.
> "No wonder your neighbors denounced you. You are a disgrace to the human race," he said.
> "What are you going to do about it? Kill me?" I asked, looking up at him defiantly.
> "No. No, that won't due at all. We have ways of breaking your spirit, girl. You won't be here long."
> "You asked for my name earlier. Use it."
> He grabbed my chin and pulled my face up to look him in the eye. "You, girl, will learn your place."

> I laughed, "My place? My place is anywhere but here. You self righteous, pompous--"
> Before I had a chance to finish telling that jerk off, I was in a barn. No, not just a barn, Cassie's barn. I looked around, Jake was there, looking slightly confused. Cassie had an identicle look on her face. Ax looked as confused as an Andalite could get. Marco was in the middle of morphing something...something with shaggy brown fur. Up in the rafters, Tobias was perched. Looking fierce as he always does.

> Oh, and that piece of crap, Drode was there too.
> "So glad you're back with us, Rachel," he leered. "You know, you're still my favorite Animorph."

> I was about to ask what was going on when Marco beat me to it. While the others were questioning Drode, I was trying to sort things out myself.
> Where had I just been? Who'd ever heard of a reeducation camp? And slaves?
> Oh, and we got a chance to undo it all, thanks to Drode.
> Well, of course I'm there.
> <p>Author's Notes: Okay, yeah, even I'll admit, I'm obsessing a bit too much over those first three MegaMorphs 3 chapters, but I couldn't resist writing another Rachel story!!! I had to make up a backstory as to what Rachel was up to all this time while Melissa Somebody took her place in the group. I wouldn't be able to live with myself otherwise._

End
file.